



JASMA of the Odes

No. 95 Rs.



AN ADAPTATION OF A FAMOUS LEGEND
OF GUJARAT

Jasma of the Ode tribe of Gujarat is remembered for her loyalty to her husband, for her fearless conduct in the face of the might of King Siddharaj Jaisingh and for her love of the rugged life of the nomadic Odes. Many a folksong is sung about her, to this day, in Gujarat and Rājasthan.

According to the legend, in an earlier birth, Jasma was an apsara (celestial nymph) and had been sent to earth by Indra to distract the meditation of sage Nala. The enraged sage cursed her. She would be born in the poor nomadic community of Odes and be forced to marry an ugly man. It was in fulfilment of this curse that she was married to Rupa, the ugly son of Bhalo Bhand.

A wandering bard of King Siddharaj Jai Singh's court chanced to see Jasma and he described what he saw to his king when he returned to the court. The king had to see the dazzling beauty. When he did, he was captivated by her beauty and offered to marry her; to make her the queen of Gujarat. Jasma looked at him in disdain, spurned his offer and rebuked him for having cherished such evil thoughts. This dialogue between the King and Jasma forms, perhaps, the most eloquent part of the folksongs and is sung with deep feeling by the inspired villagers.

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Editor: Anant Pai Script: Dr. Sushila Mehta Illustrations: H. S. Chavan

JASMA

OF THE ODES

JASMA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF MAYAK DALO DHAND, CHIEF OF THE NOMADIC ODE TRIBE.



WHEN JASMA WAS BORN—

SHE REMINDS ME OF A JASMINE, FAIR AND PRETTY AS SHE IS.

THEN LET US CALL HER JASMA.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR JASMA, HER MOTHER DIED WHEN SHE WAS JUST A TODDLER.

POOR MOTHERLESS JASMA. I MUST MARRY AGAIN AND BRING A MOTHER FOR YOU.



DALO MARRIED A GIRL CALLED DALI.

DALI, YOU WILL BE A MOTHER TO JASMA, WON'T YOU?

JASMA - JASMA. I'M SICK OF THAT NAME. I WONDER WHY SHE DIDN'T DIE WITH HER MOTHER.

OF COURSE I WILL, MY LORD. SHE IS NOW MY OWN CHILD.



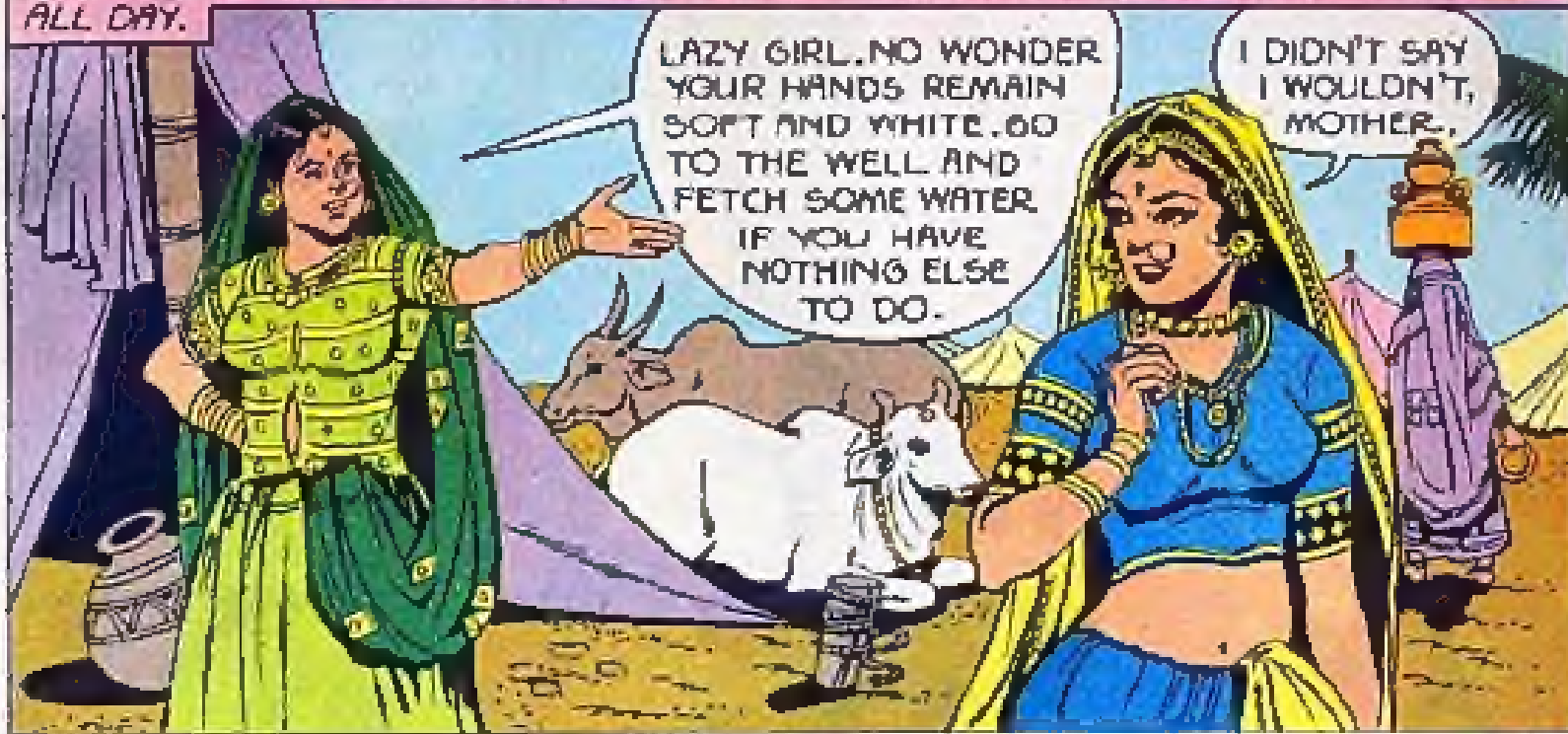
FROM THE DAY SHE SET EYES ON HER, DALI DISLIKED JASMA AND OFTEN ILL-TREATED HER.

MA, I'M HUNGRY. GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT.

DO YOU THINK I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO? YOU'RE ALWAYS HUNGRY, YOU'LL EAT US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, YOU SHAMELESS CHILD.



AS JASMA GREW UP, DALI'S DISLIKE TURNED INTO JEALOUS HATRED, FOR JASMA WAS EASILY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE ODE TRIBE. SHE SCOLDED HER ALL DAY.



AT THE WELL --



THAT NIGHT DALI SPOKE TO DALO.

WE MUST ARRANGE JASMA'S MARRIAGE SOON. SHE HAS COME OF AGE.



THESE WERE THE WORDS, THE EVIL DALI WAS WAITING FOR.

THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY. JASMA SHALL MARRY THE CRIPPLE, RUPA. THAT SHOULD TEACH HER NOT TO BE CONCEITED ABOUT HER BEAUTY.



SHE TURNED TO DALO.

WHAT ABOUT MY COUSIN, BHALO BHAND'S SON, RUPA? I CAN GET COUSIN BHALO TO AGREE.



B... BUT RUPA IS A CRIPPLE!

DALO WAS SILENT. DALI DID NOT GIVE UP.

HOW CAN WE EXPECT ANYTHING BETTER WHEN WE HAVE NO DOWRY TO OFFER?

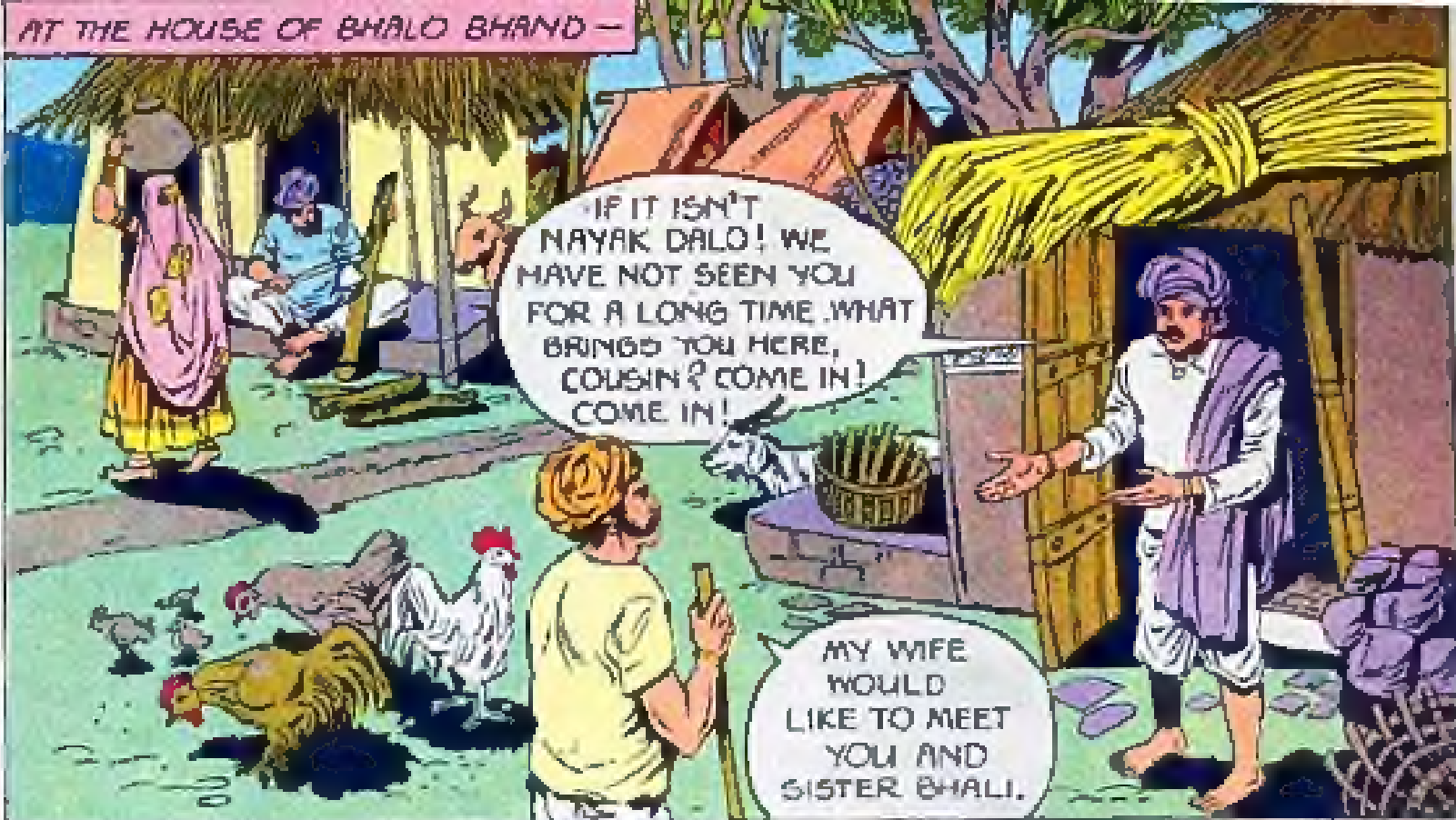


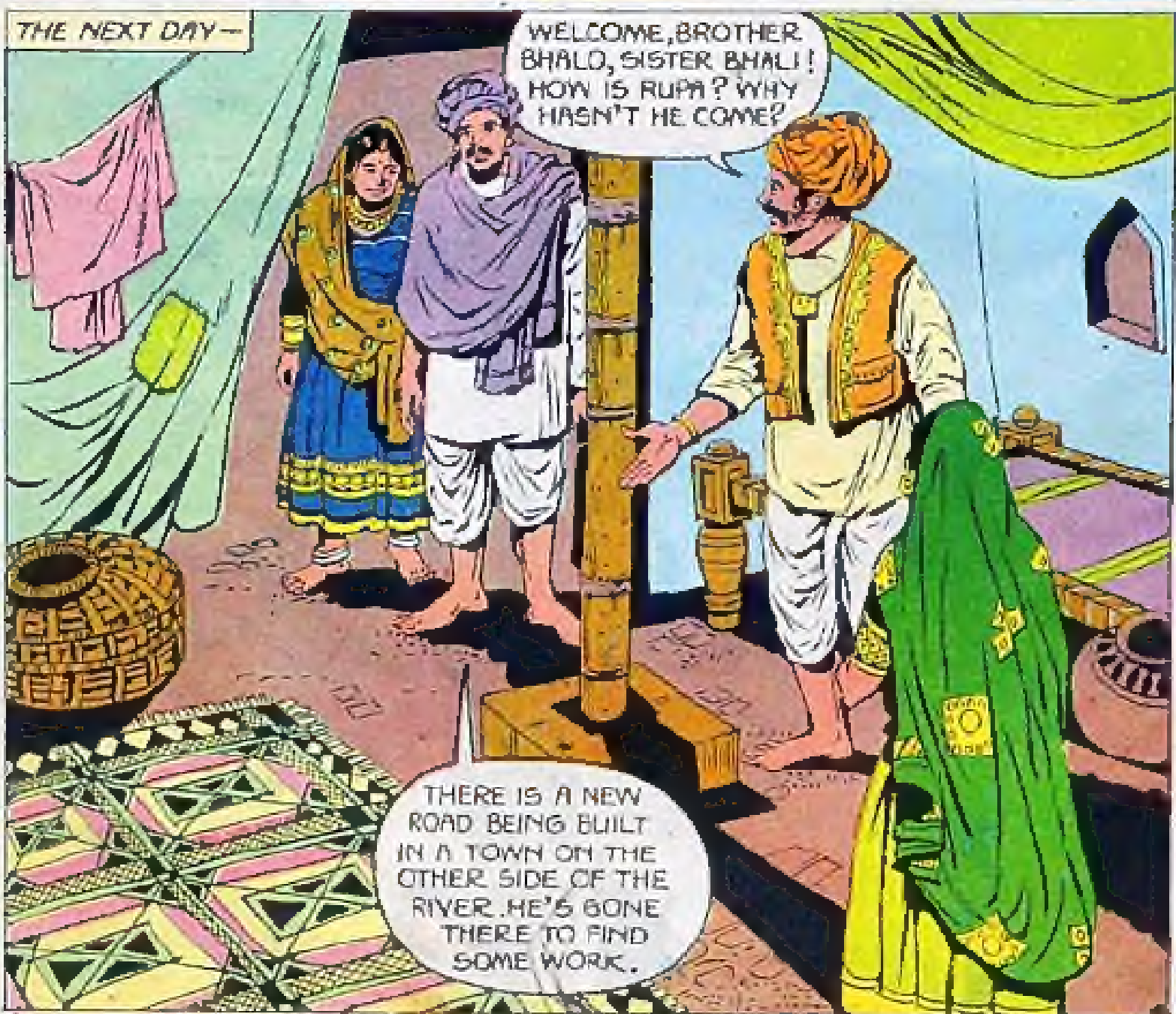
YOU INVITE THEM HERE. I'LL DO THE REST.

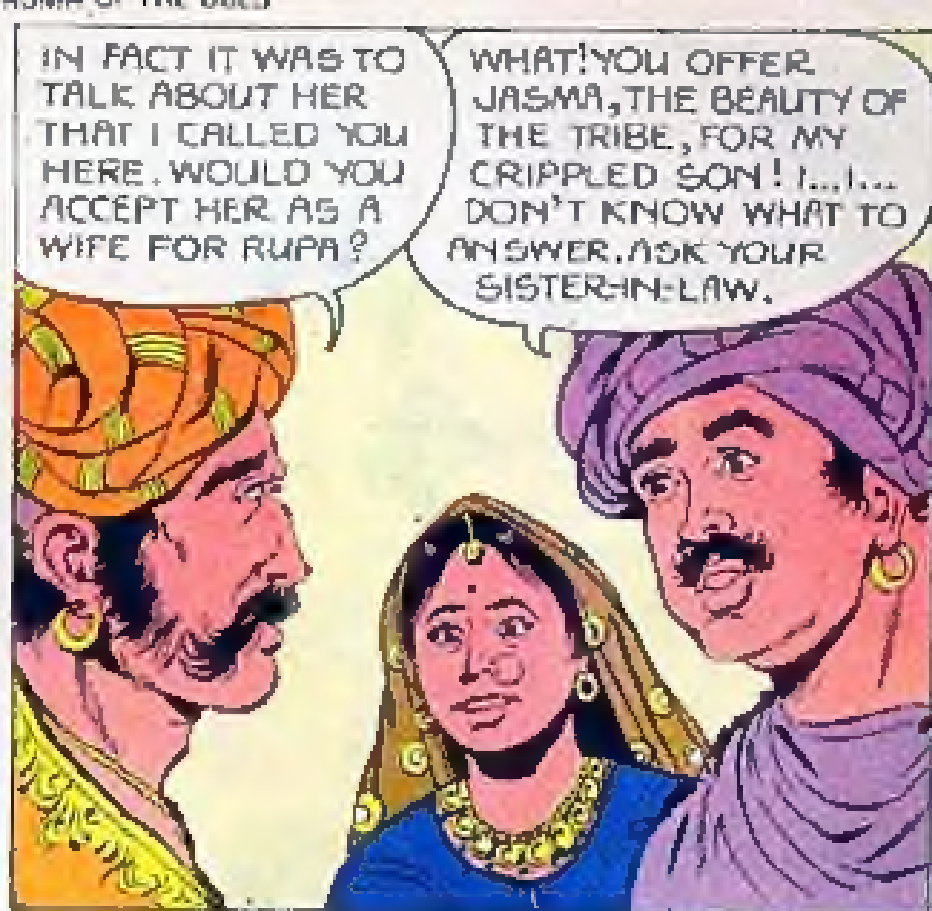
FORGIVE ME, JASMA. I AM HELPLESS.



ALL RIGHT. I'LL GO TO BHALO BHAND TOMORROW.







SO, WHEN DALI LOOKED AT HER—

HOW MUCH DOWRY
CAN YOU GIVE?
AT LEAST A HUNDRED
HEAD OF CATTLE?

I WOULD GIVE
MORE FOR JASMA,
SISTER, BUT WE
LOST ALL OUR
CATTLE IN THE LAST
FAMINE. WE HAVE
NOTHING TO GIVE.

YOU WILL HAVE
TO GIVE AT LEAST
A FEW HEAD OF
CATTLE OR I WILL
NOT ACCEPT YOUR
DAUGHTER FOR
MY SON.


DALO WAS PAINED BY THE
WHOLE TRANSACTION. HE
TURNED TO BHALO.

COUSIN, YOU KNOW THAT
ALL I HAVE IS FOR JASMA.
I HAVE ONE HEAD OF CAT-
TLE. PLEASE ACCEPT IT
AND LOOK AFTER MY
LITTLE
FLOWER.

BHALO WAS MOVED BY DALO'S
WORDS AND TONE.


CATTLE OR NO
CATTLE, JASMA
SHALL
BECOME MY
DAUGHTER-
IN-
LAW!

ON THE DAY OF THE WEDDING



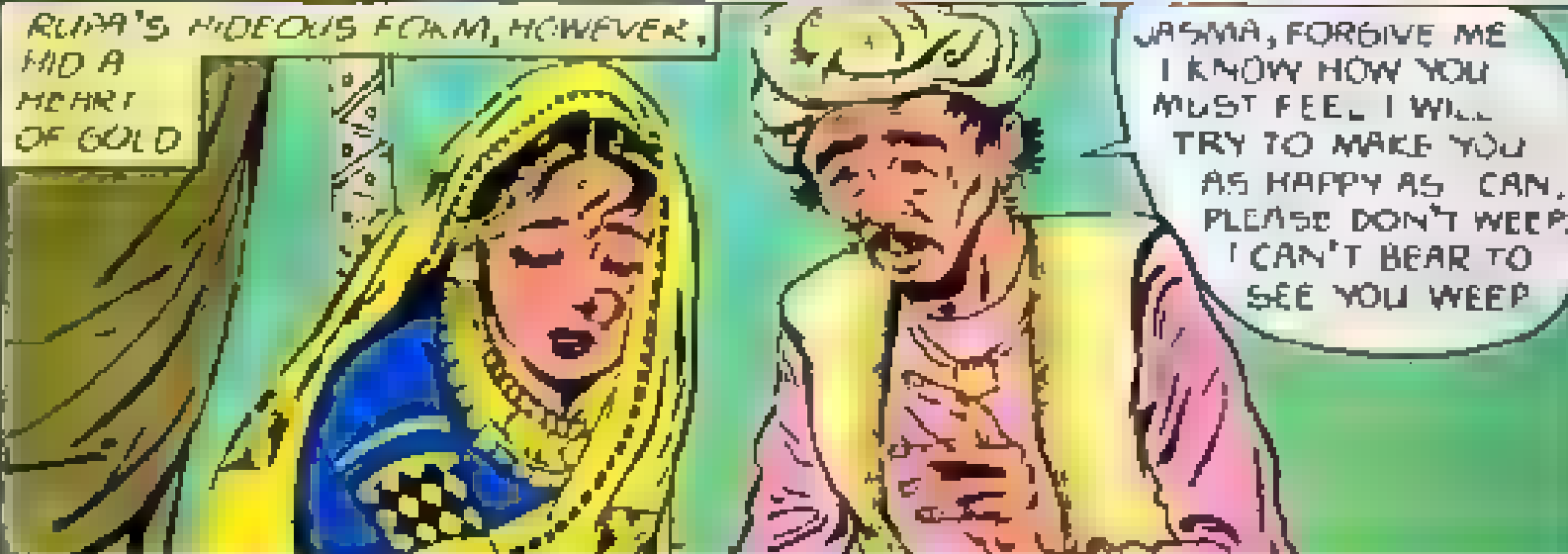
OH GOD! MY
HUSBAND IS A
CRIPPLE! WHAT
A CRUEL
FATE!

SHE CONTROLLED HERSELF, HOWEVER, AND WENT THROUGH THE CEREMONY BUT
THAT NIGHT WHEN SHE SAW HIS FACE CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE BROKE DOWN



HE'S UGLY
YOU' ALAS!
WHAT HILL
I DONE TO
DESERVE
THIS?

RUPA'S HIDEOUS FORM, HOWEVER,
HAD A
HEART
OF GOLD



JASMA, FORGIVE ME
I KNOW HOW YOU
MUST FEEL. I WILL
TRY TO MAKE YOU
AS HAPPY AS CAN.
PLEASE DON'T WEEP.
I CAN'T BEAR TO
SEE YOU WEEP

JASMA WAS MOVED BY HIS WORDS, ASHAMED OF HERSELF, SHE FELL AT HIS FEET

I AM SORRY, RUPA I SHOULD ASK YOU FOR FORGIVENESS I WILL BE A LOYAL WIFE TO YOU AND WILL LOOK AFTER ALL YOUR NEEDS.

A FEW MONTHS LATER, JYOTI HAROT, A COAST FOLK OF GUJARAT, HAPPENED TO PASS BY THE ODE CAMP

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE HER

HE TURNED TO A LITTLE BOY NEAR BY

WHO IS THAT GIRL?

SHE IS JASMA, NAYAK DALO'S DAUGHTER, RUPA'S WIFE

I WAS SO IMPRESSED
BY THE FACT THAT HE
SUCCEEDED IN DOING
THIS

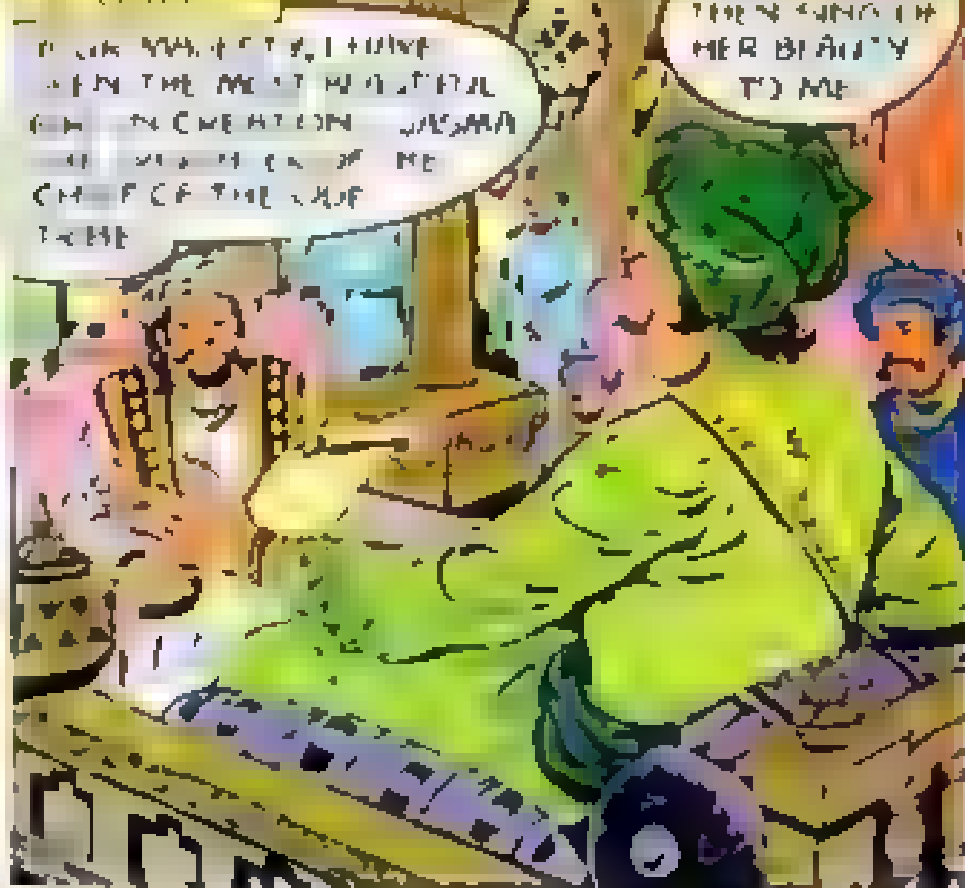


WAS THE FIRST
THAT HE HAD
THE POWER
TO DO THIS

HE WAS THE KING OF
THE LAND THAT HE HAD
A POWERFUL MIND AND
HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS

HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS
HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS

HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS



HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS



HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS

HE WAS THE FIRST
TO DO THIS



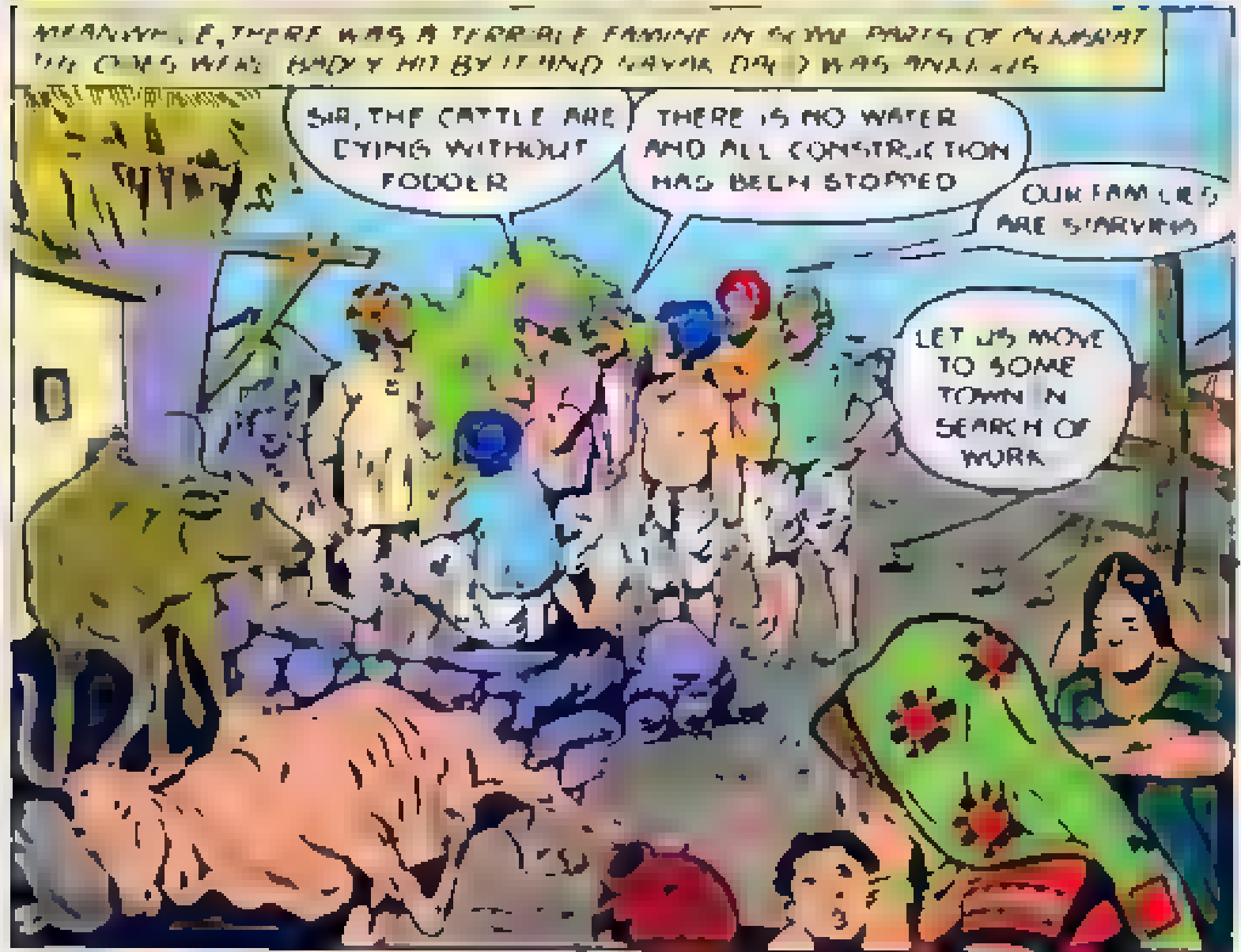
THEN SUMMON
HER TO THE
PALACE.

THE ODES ARE NOMADS,
YOUR MAJESTY, AND
INDEPENDENT OF SPIRIT
AND TRAFFIC. NO ONE
WILL EVER PERMIT
JASNA TO COME TO
THE PALACE



BUT I MUST SEE
THIS BEAUTY

GIVE ME
A FEW DAYS
WHEN MAY BE
I'LL THINK OF
SOME WAY TO
BRING THE
ODES TO
PATAN



MEANWHILE, THERE WAS A TERRIBLE FAMINE IN SOME PARTS OF MANGRAH
THE ODES WERE HARDY HIT BY IT AND HAYAR DOLU WAS ANXIOUS

SIR, THE CATTLE ARE
DYING WITHOUT
FOODER

THERE IS NO WATER
AND ALL CONSTRUCTION
HAS BEEN STOPPED

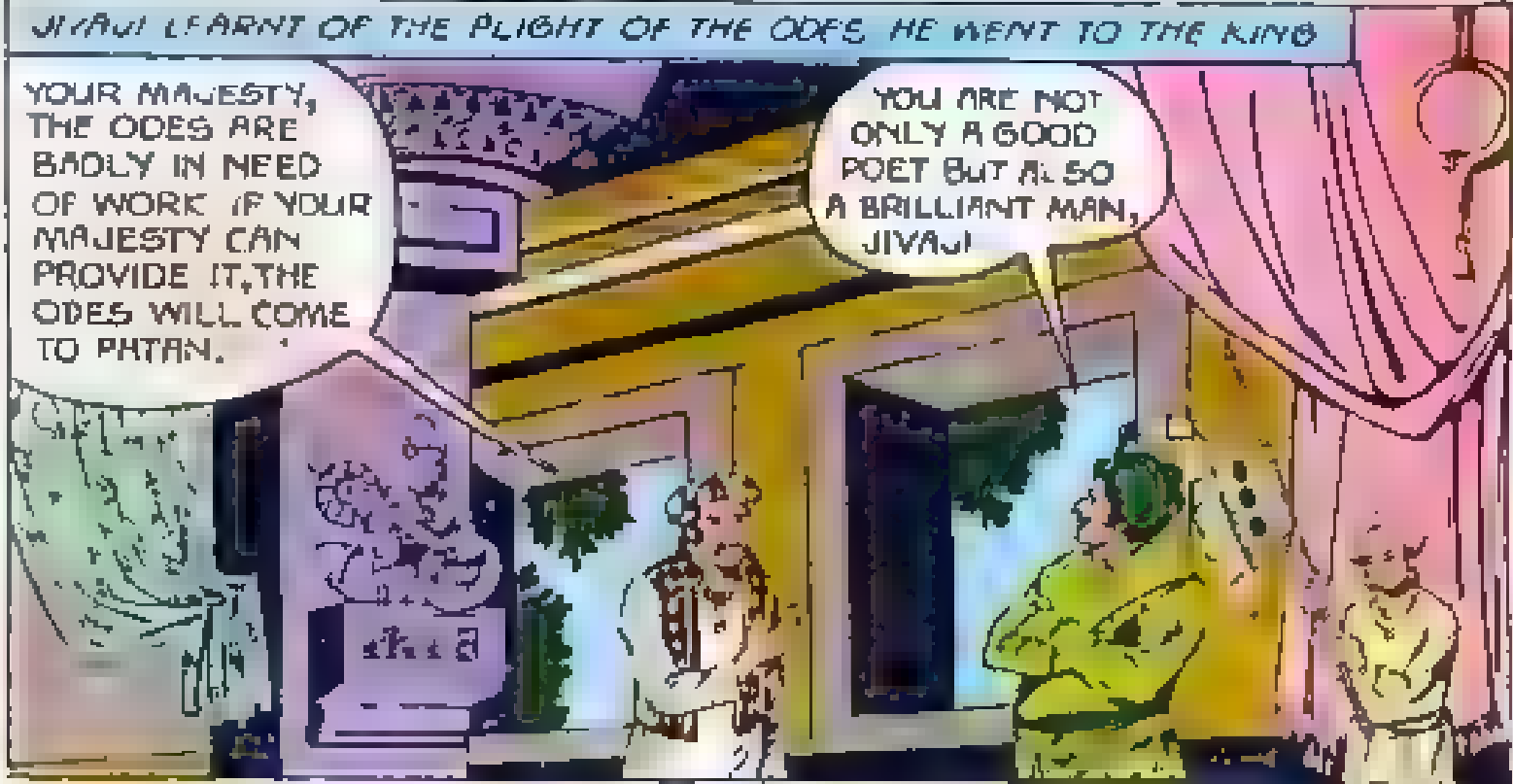
OUR FAMILIES
ARE STARVING

LET US MOVE
TO SOME
TOWN IN
SEARCH OF
WORK

JIVAJI LEARNT OF THE PLIGHT OF THE ODES. HE WENT TO THE KING

YOUR MAJESTY,
THE ODES ARE
BADLY IN NEED
OF WORK IF YOUR
MAJESTY CAN
PROVIDE IT, THE
ODES WILL COME
TO PATAN.

YOU ARE NOT
ONLY A GOOD
POET BUT ALSO
A BRILLIANT MAN,
JIVAJI



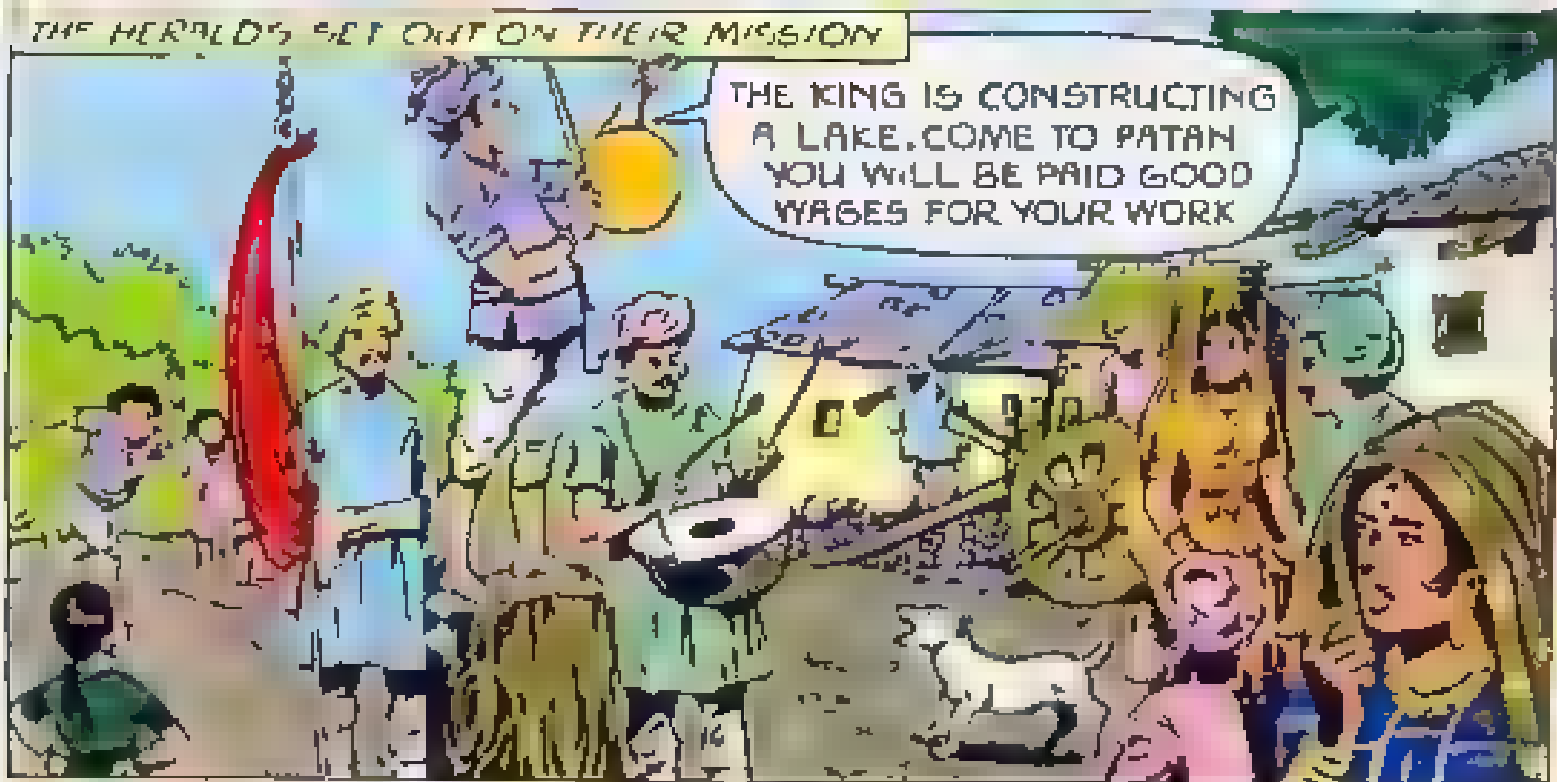
THE KING SENT FOR
HIS MINISTER

REVIVE THE PLAN TO
CONSTRUCT THE
SAHASRA LINGA
LAKE AND
HERALDS TO ALL
THE TRIBAL
VILLAGES
CALLING FOR
LABOUR.



THE HERALDS SET OUT ON THEIR MISSION

THE KING IS CONSTRUCTING
A LAKE. COME TO PATAN
YOU WILL BE PAID GOOD
WAGES FOR YOUR WORK



THE HERALDS REACHED THE CAMP OF THE PRINCE OF PATAN BUT -

THIS SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE A ROYAL SUMMONS. IF WE GO, WE WILL BE BOWING TO THE WILL OF THE KING WE WILL NO LONGER BE FREE.

NO!
NO!

WE WON'T GO!

TIMES WILL IMPROVE

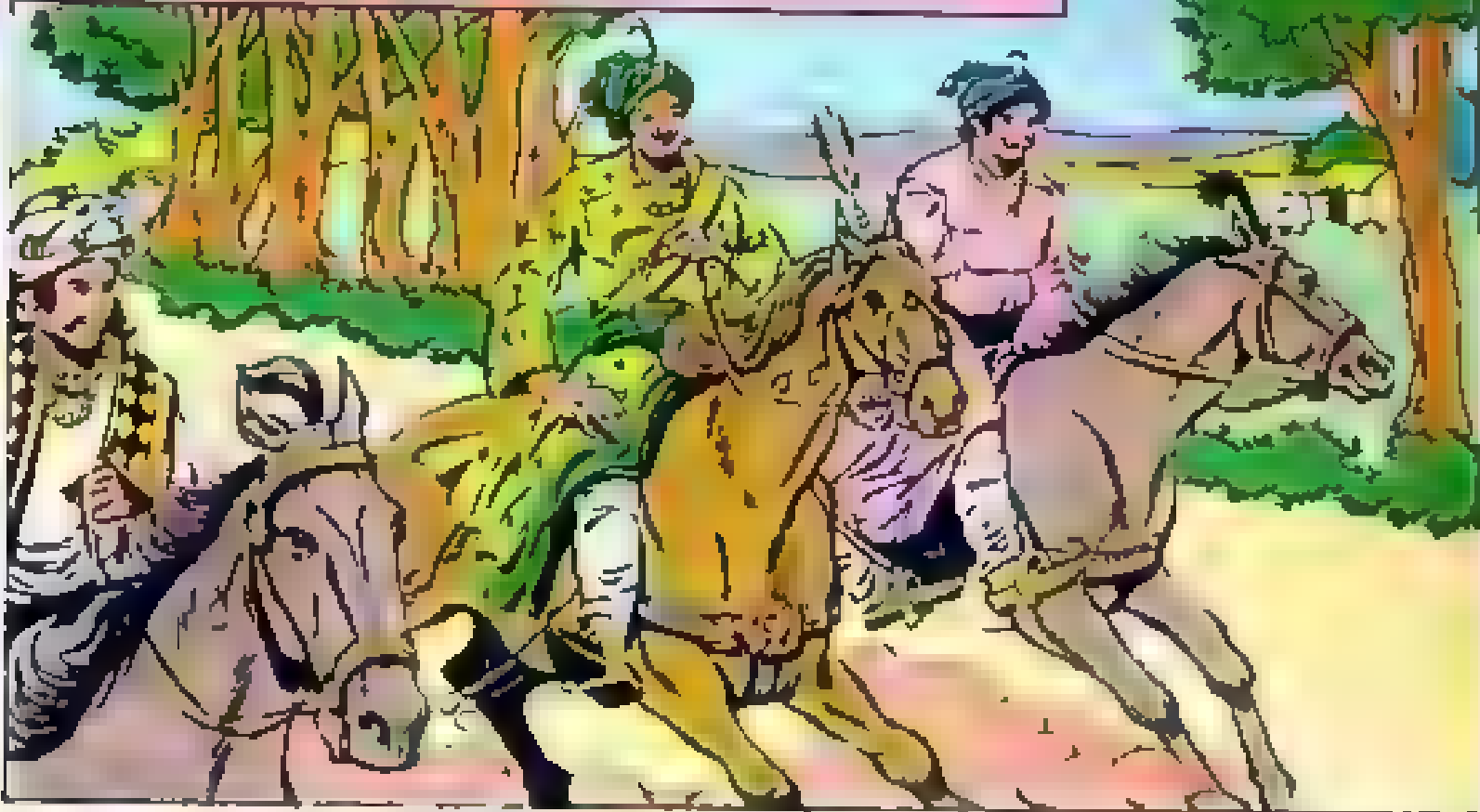
BUT TIMES ONLY GETTER BETTER TO REMAIN AT LAST IN SHEER DEFEAT RUN, THE PRINCE LEAVES WITH A BIG ARMY

ALL RIGHT LET US GO TO PATAN. BUT WE WILL CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL.

ONE EVENING, DAYS LATER, JIVAJI RAN EXCITEDLY TO THE KING.

YOUR MAJESTY, THEY'VE COME! THE ODES HAVE COME TO WORK AT THE SITE

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AS USUAL, THE KING RODE OUT TO THE SITE WITH HIS MINISTER AND JIVAJI



WHEN THEY REACHED THE SITE

WHERE ARE
THE ODES?

THAT GROUP
WORKING OVER
THERE. THEY ARE
THE ODES, MY
LORD.

THE KING TURNED TO HIS
MINISTER

BRING
THEIR
CHIEF
TO ME



THE MINISTER RETURNED WITH NAYAK DALO DHAND

SO THIS
IS THE
BEAUTY'S
FATHER

SO YOU ARE NAYAK
DALO DHAND, CHIEF
OF THE ODE TRIBE

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY



WHERE DO
YOU LIVE?

IN THOSE HILLS,
OVER THERE, YOUR
MAJESTY



WHEN DALO LEFT—

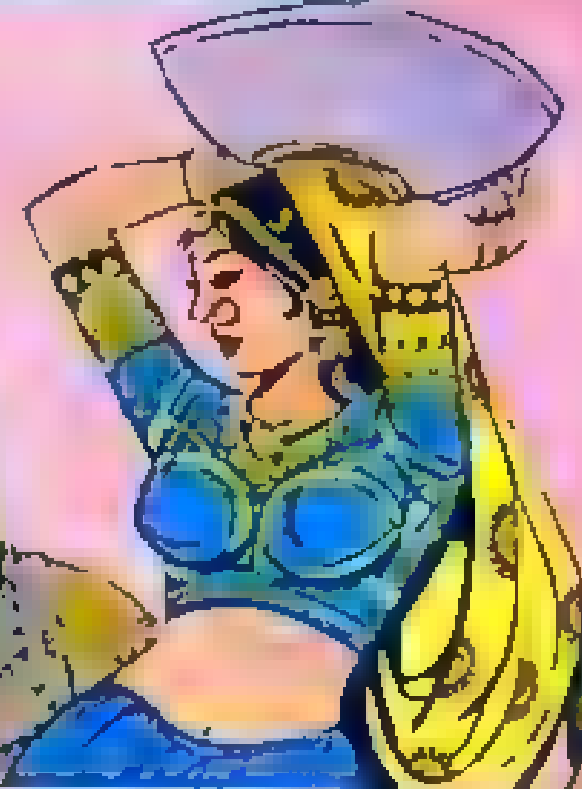
JIVAJI, I STILL
CANNOT BELIEVE
THAT JASMA
HAS THE BEAUTY
YOU CLAIM
SHE HAS

WAIT TILL YOU
SEE HER, SHE
DOES NOT SEEM
TO HAVE COME
TO WORK TODAY



THE NEXT DAY, HIS TH KING RODE TO THE SITE ~

MY GOD! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE! SHE MUST BE A GODDESS.



THE KING RODE UP TO HER

O BEAUTIFUL ONE, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

I AM JASMA OF THE ODE TRIBE, YOUR MAJESTY



JASMA! YES, WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?

DELICATE ONE, YOU REMIND ME OF THE JASMINE FLOWER

I MAY LOOK DELICATE, O KING, BUT I WORK HARD TO EARN MY LIVING.



SAY YOU WILL BECOME
MINE AND I WILL TAKE
YOU TO MY PALACE:

I'D RATHER
LIVE IN
MY HUT.

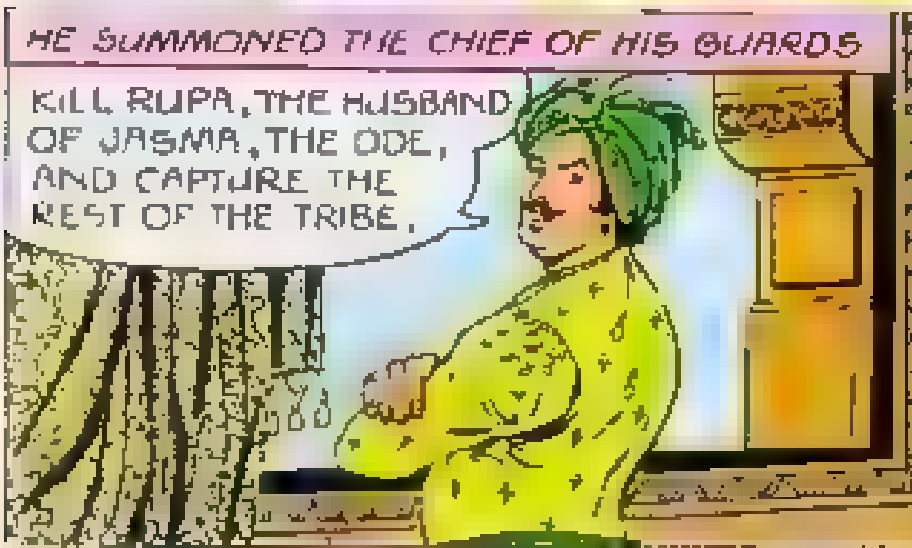
COME WITH ME,
JASMA YOU WILL
NEVER HAVE TO WORK
AGAIN I WILL MAKE
YOU THE QUEEN
OF GUJARAT

HA! HA! HA! WHAT
WOULD I DO WITH
A KINGDOM?

HER LAUGHTER MADDENED
THE KING

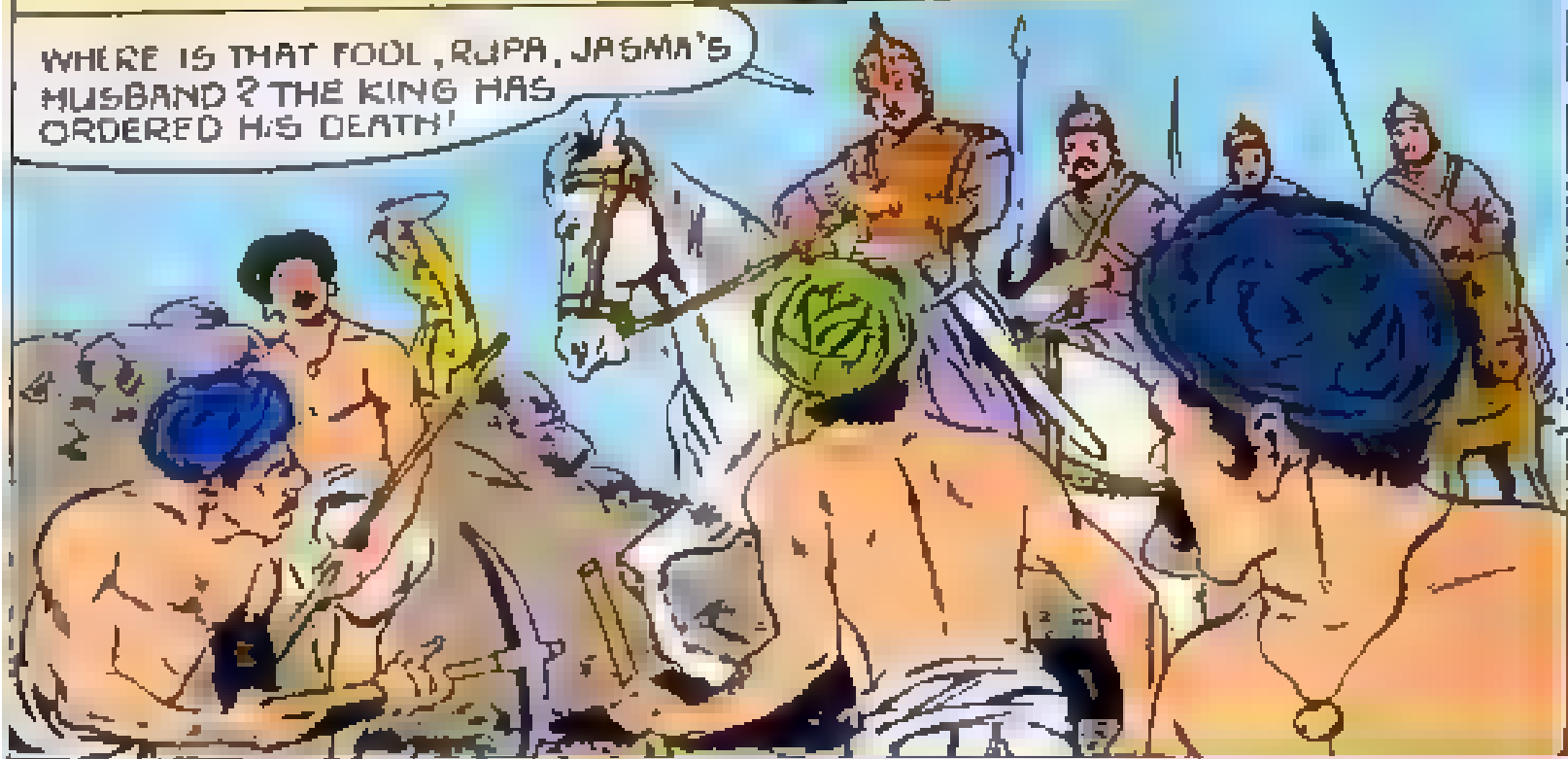
IF YOU WILL NOT
COME WILLINGLY,
I'LL TAKE YOU
AWAY BY FORCE

I WON'T
YOU DARE
TOUCH ME
I AM A
MARRIED
WOMAN



THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS AND HIS MEN RODE OUT TO THAT PART OF THE SITE WHERE THE ODES WERE WORKING

WHERE IS THAT FOOL, RUPA, JASMA'S HUSBAND? THE KING HAS ORDERED HIS DEATH!



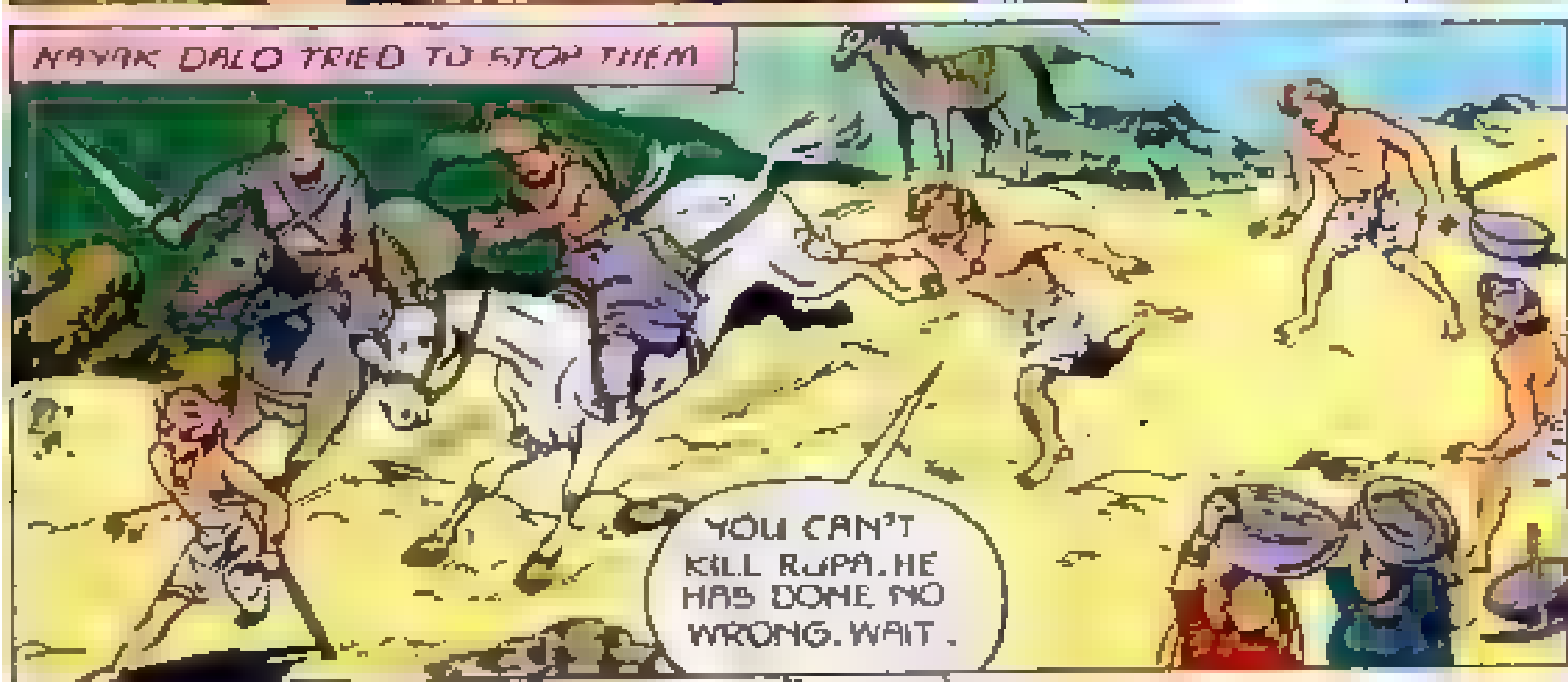
WHEN HE HEARD THAT, RUPA TRIED TO RIDE AWAY

THERE HE IS CATCH HIM

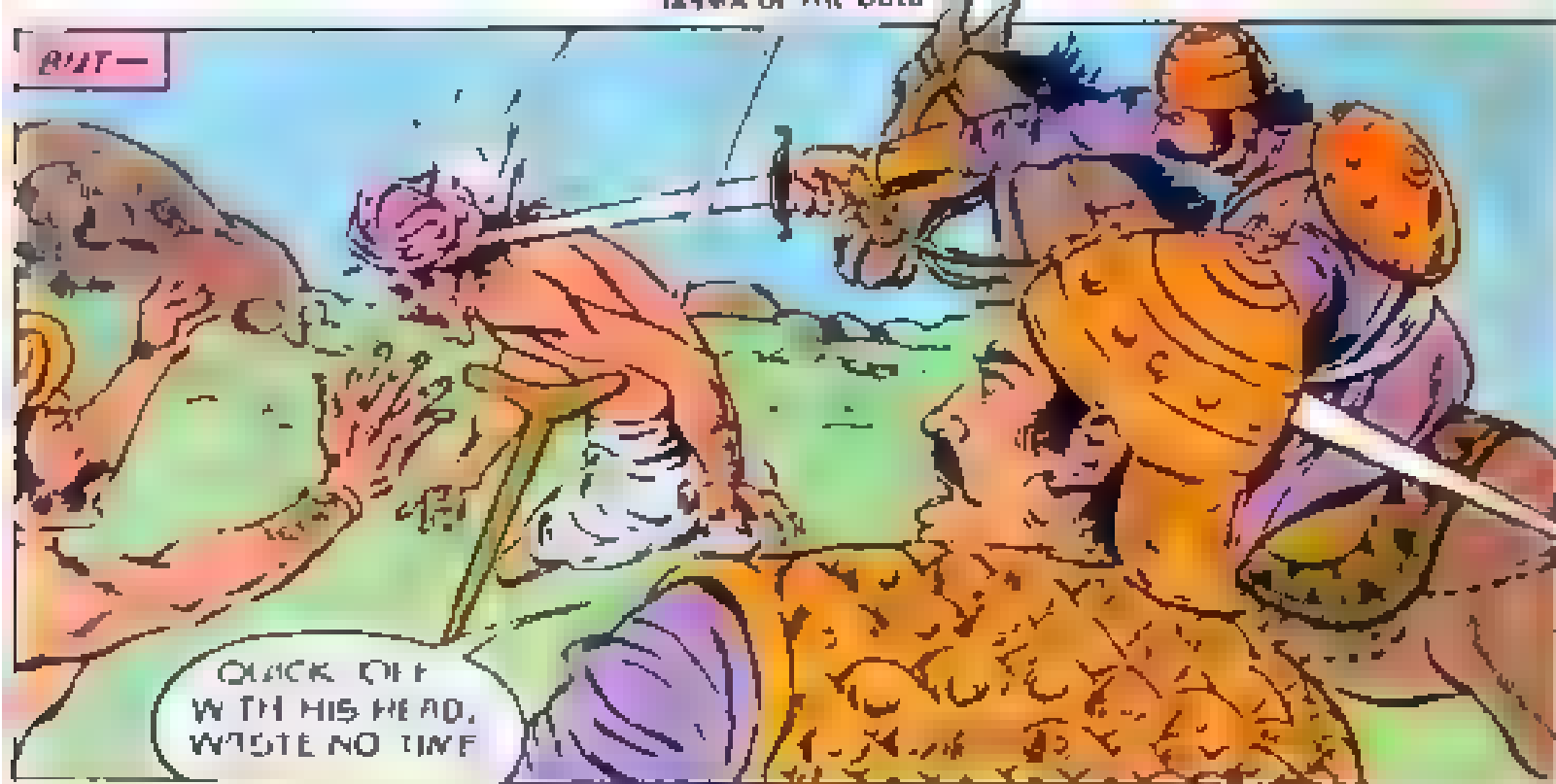


NAYAK DALO TRIED TO STOP THEM

YOU CAN'T KILL RUPA. HE HAS DONE NO WRONG. WAIT.



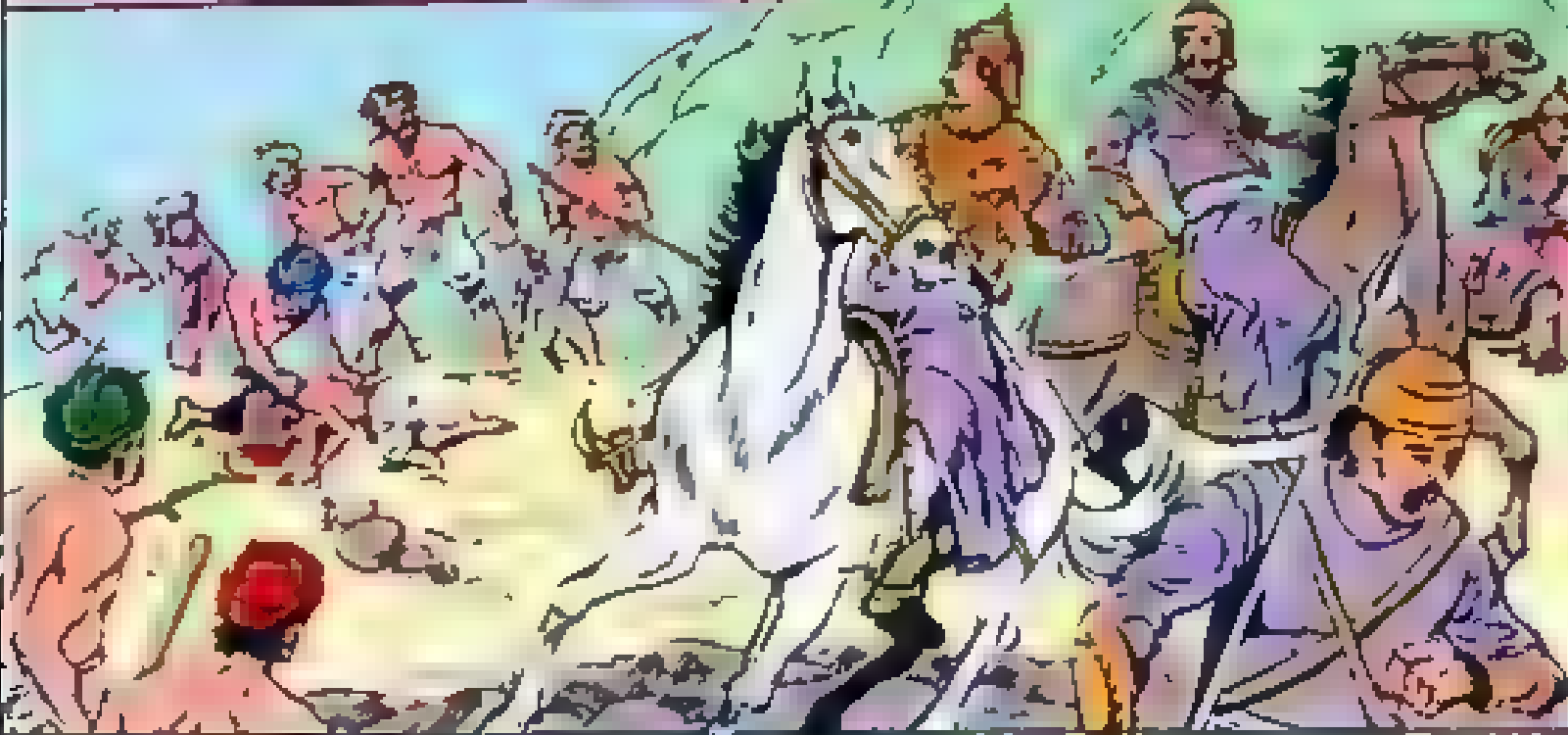
BUT—



THE GODS WERE ATTEMPTED BY THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER NAYAK WHO WAS AGAINST



FOR A REPLY THE CHIEF OF THE GLARDS
AND HIS MEN TURNED THEIR HORSES



... AND BEGAN TO RIDE AWAY.



THE CHIEF GAVE CHASE





YOU WILL HAVE TO
CONTEND WITH THE
ROYAL ARMY FIRST



NAYAK DILLO NOW BECAME ANKEXIS

WHAT SHALL WE DO?
WHAT CHANCE HAVE
WE AGAINST THE
WELL EQUIPPED
ROYAL ARMY?

REVENGE

WE
MUST
FIGHT

LET'S
ATTACK
BEFORE
THEY DO!



THE ODL'S WENT INTO THEIR HUTS AND CAME OUT WITH
THEIR WEAPONS. JUST THEN AN OLE CAME RUNNING UP.

THEY HAVE NOT
WASTED ANY TIME.
THE KING'S ARMY
IS ON ITS WAY!

AYYIK DALO GAVE ORDERS

ONWARD, MY MEN
WE WILL FIGHT
TO A FINISH



THE RAHITECHIS ODES WERE FIGHTING TO A FINISH AND THEY FOUGHT WITH
A VENGEANCE.

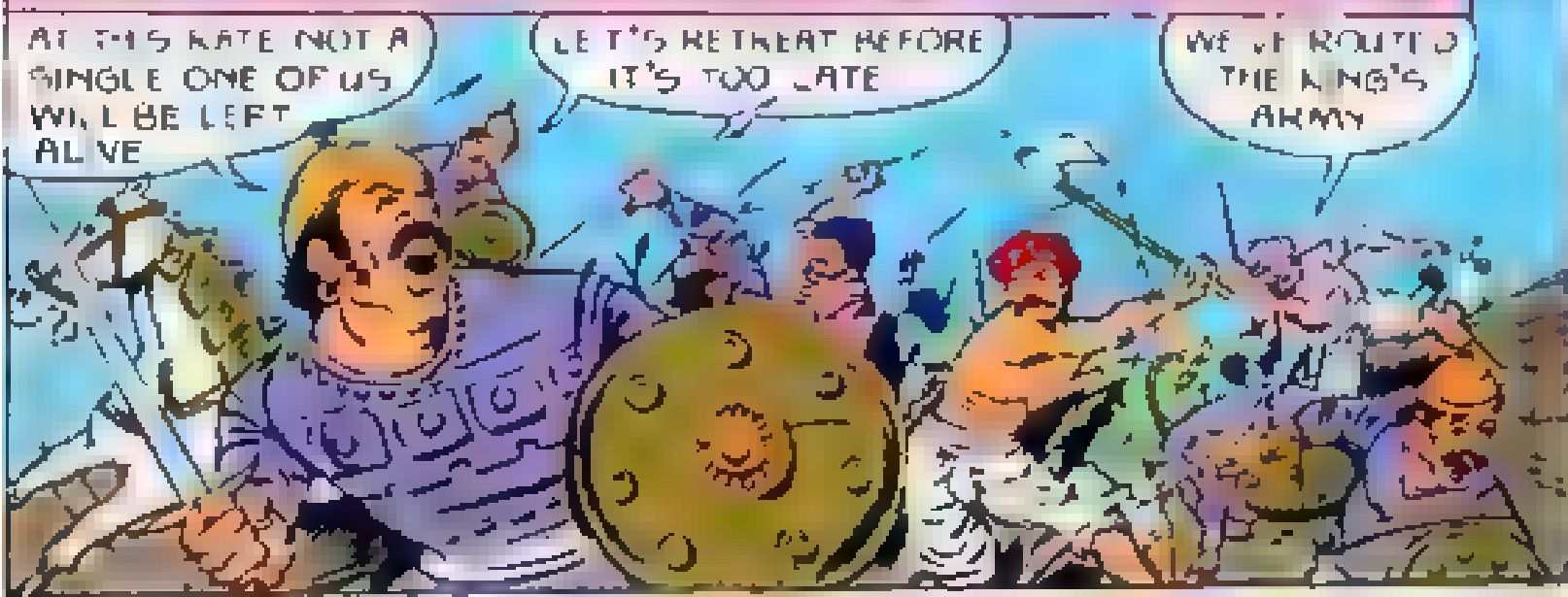


THE KING'S ARMY WAS NO MATCH FOR THEM. THE SOLDIERS LOST HEART

AT THIS RATE NOT A
SINGLE ONE OF US
WILL BE LEFT
ALIVE

LET'S RETREAT BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE

WE'VE ROUTED
THE KING'S
ARMY



WHEN THE COMMANDER OF THE
ARMY SAW HIS MEN RETREAT .

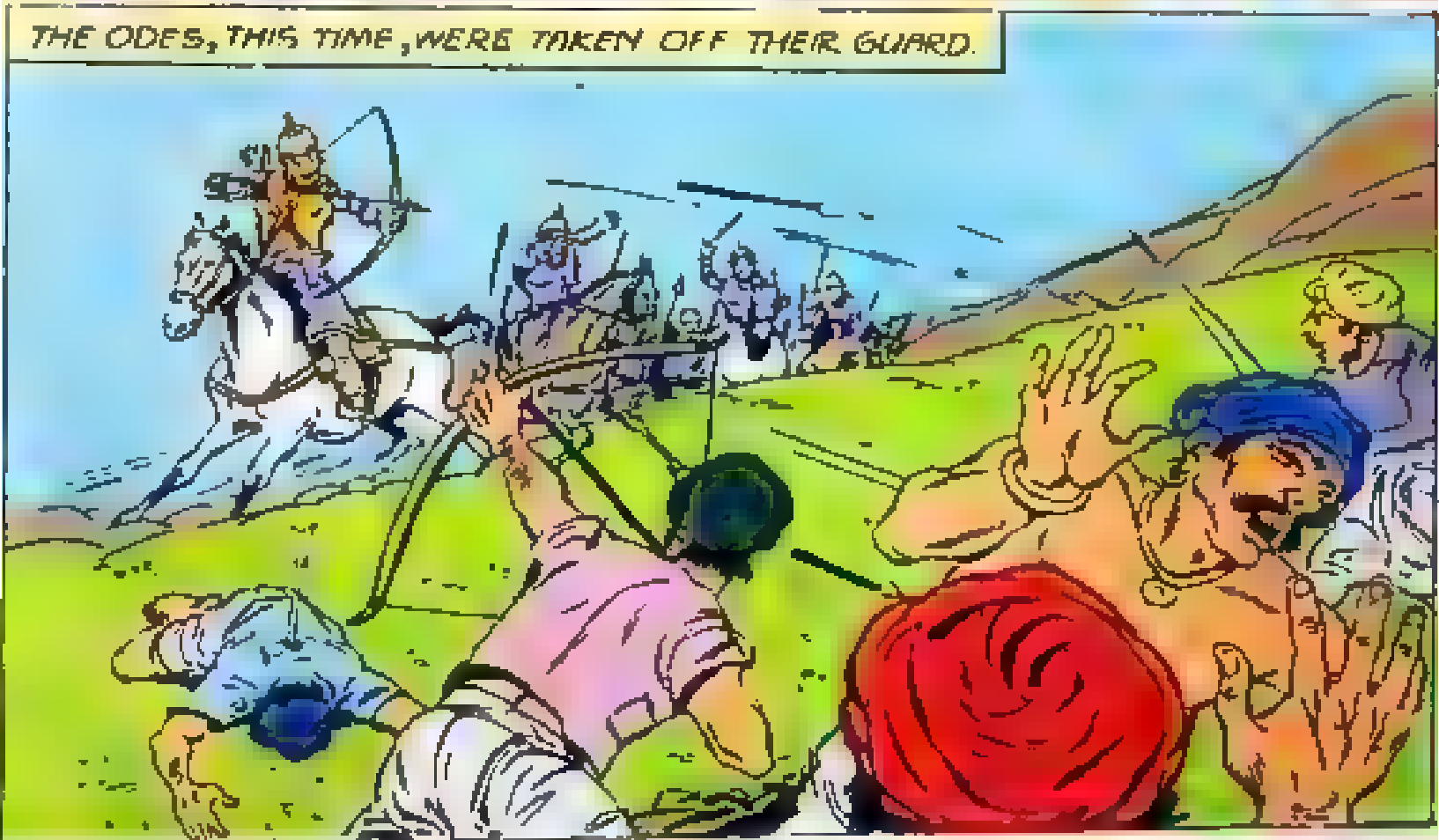


HE CHANGED HIS STRATEGY

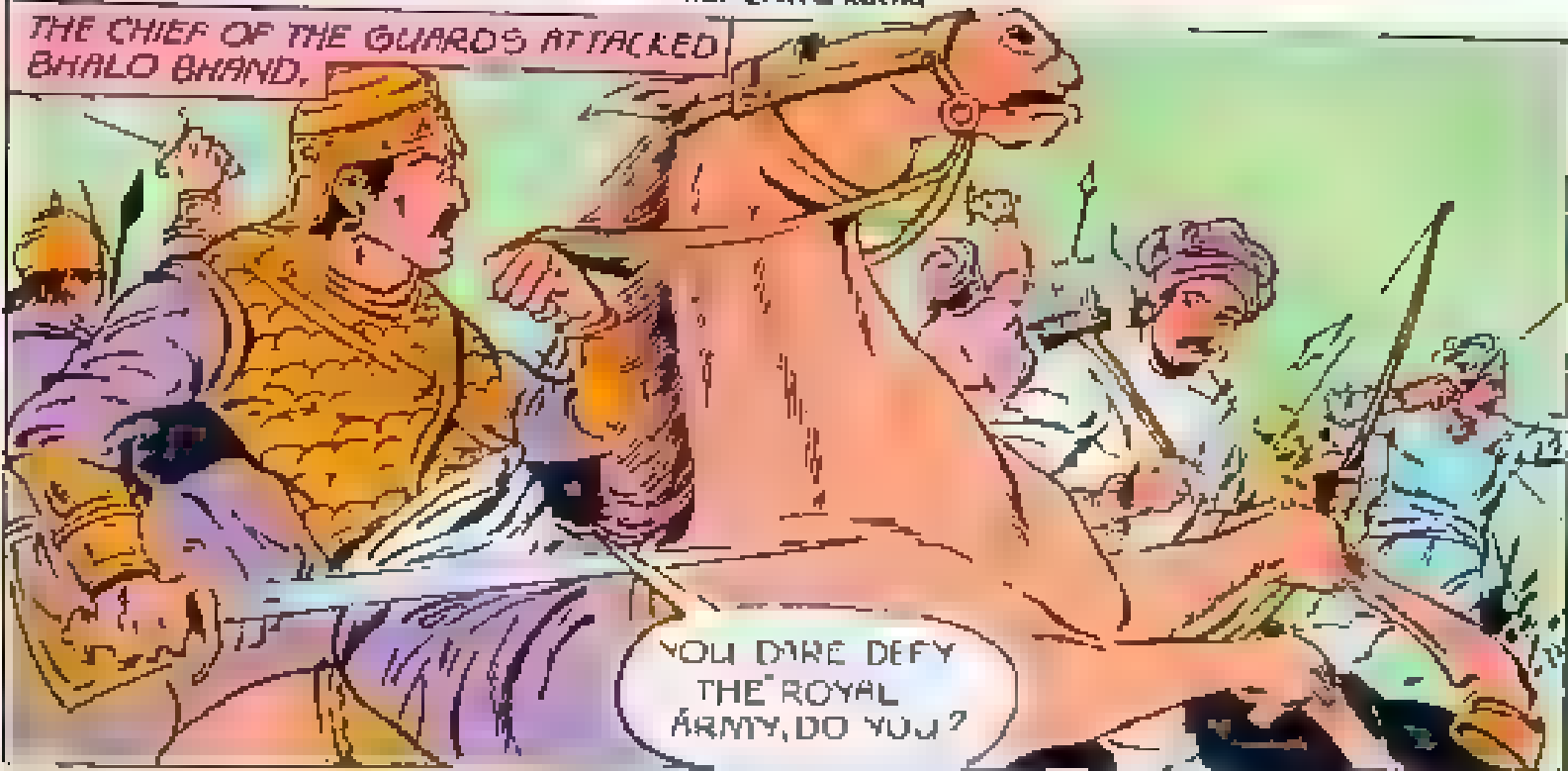
COURAGE, MY
MEN SURROUND
THEM FROM
THE REAR



THE ODES, THIS TIME, WERE TAKEN OFF THEIR GUARD.



THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS ATTACKED
BHALO BHAND.



YOU DARE DEFEY
THE ROYAL
ARMY, DO YOU?

AND WITHOUT GIVING BHALO
A CHANCE TO
DEFEND HIMSELF,
HE KILLED THE
BRAVE ODE



WHEN THEY SAW BHALO BHAND FALL, THE ODES
LOST THEIR MORALE BUT NAYAK DHLO DHAND
DID NOT PERMIT THEM TO RETREAT



DON'T GIVE UP, MY
MEN RUPA'S MURDER
MUST BE AVENGED.

WHEN THE COMMANDER HEARD DALO, HE CHARGED UP TO HIM

SURRENDER
OR DIE!

SURRENDER
IS DEATH
FOR AN ODE!

THE COMMANDER RAISED HIS
SWORD.

AND BROUGHT IT DOWN
ON THE NAYAK'S NECK.

AN ODE RAN TO JASMA

YOUR FATHER
IS DEAD RUN
AWAY FROM
HERE.

JASMA REFUSED TO EVEN MOVE.

I AM AN ODE, AN ODE
NEVER RUNS AWAY!
I WILL JOIN MY
HUSBAND.



A CRY WENT UP FROM ALL
THE WOMEN AROUND HER.



SATI
JASMA!

SATI
JASMA! MAY
THE GODS
BLESS HER!

JUST THEN THE KING RODE UP TO THE SITE. SHOCKED BY WHAT
HE SAW, HE TURNED FURIOUSLY UPON THE CHIEF OF THE GUARDS.



WHY DID YOU KILL THESE
INNOCENT TRIBALS? I ONLY
ORDERED YOU TO CAPTURE
THEM ALIVE.

THERE WAS NO
OTHER ALTERNATIVE,
YOUR MAJESTY. THEY
PREFERRED DEATH
TO CAPTIVITY.

THE CRACKLING FLAMES
BLARED MOCKINGLY AT
HIM TELLING HIM IT
WAS TOO LATE.

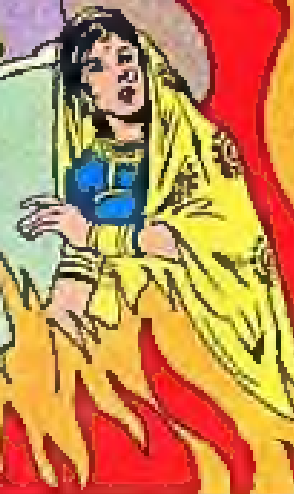
ALAS ! I AM DOOMED !
MY KINGDOM IS DOOMED.
THE GREAT KING
SIDDHARAJ JAISINGH
WILL DIE A LEFER FOR
LUSTING
AFTER A
CHASTE
WIFE.



AS THE FLAMES ENVELOPED JASMA-

I AM LALDEV, INDRA'S
MESSENGER. I HAVE
COME TO TAKE YOU
TO HEAVEN.

I WILL NOT
GO WITH YOU
LEAVING ALL
THOSE WHO
DIED FOR
ME BEHIND.



LAL DEV WAS STRUCK
BY HER LOYALTY.

THEN I SHALL
BRING THEM
BACK TO LIFE.



ONE BY ONE, THE DEAD ODES BREATHED AGAIN.

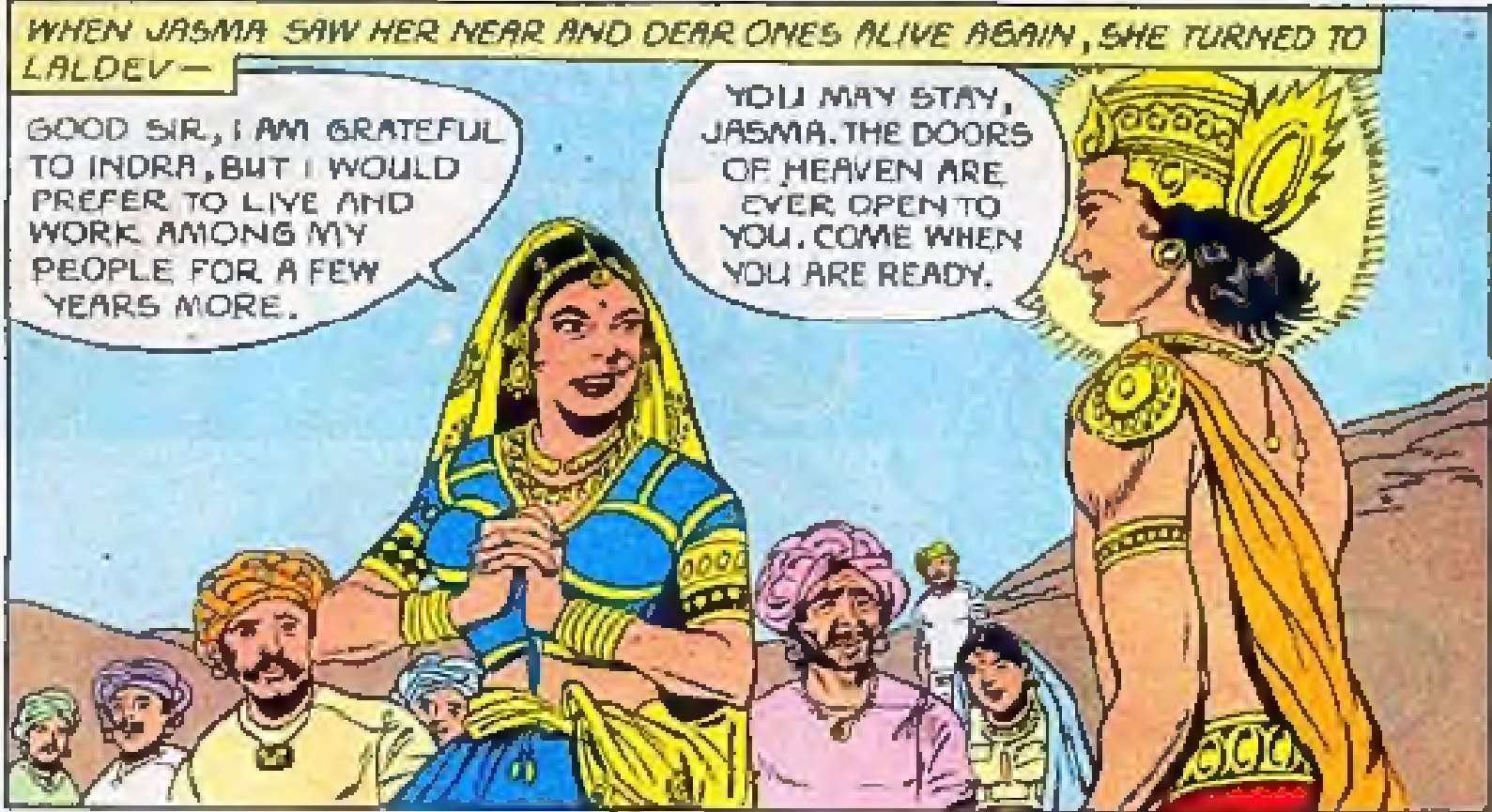
FATHER!
UNCLE BHALO!
RUPA! RUPA!



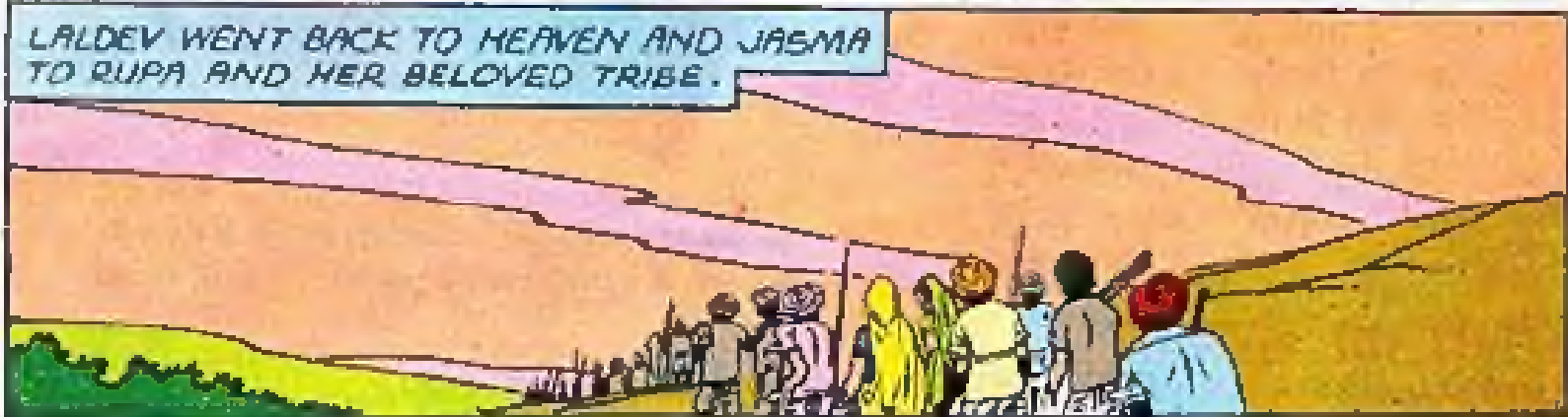
WHEN JASMA SAW HER NEAR AND DEAR ONES ALIVE AGAIN, SHE TURNED TO LALDEV —

GOOD SIR, I AM GRATEFUL TO INDRA, BUT I WOULD PREFER TO LIVE AND WORK AMONG MY PEOPLE FOR A FEW YEARS MORE.

YOU MAY STAY, JASMA. THE DOORS OF HEAVEN ARE EVER OPEN TO YOU. COME WHEN YOU ARE READY.



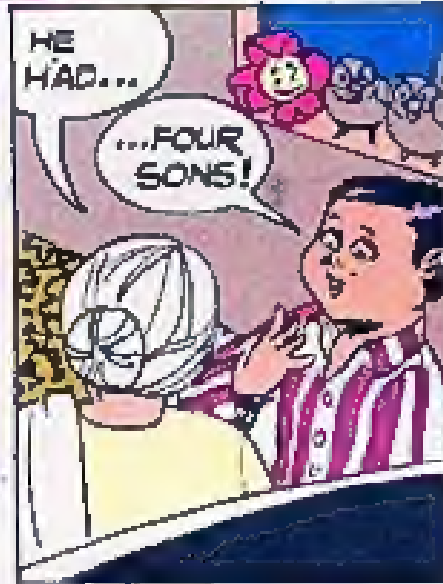
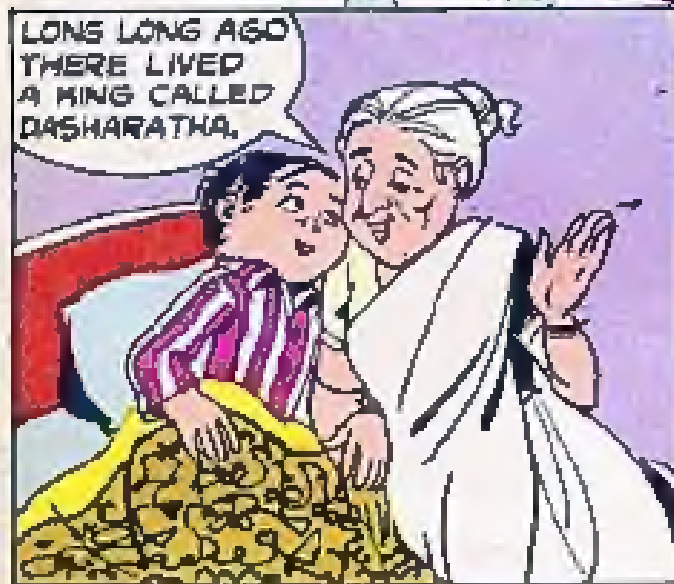
LALDEV WENT BACK TO HEAVEN AND JASMA TO RUPA AND HER BELOVED TRIBE.



MANY, MANY YEARS LATER, SHE DIED. AFTER HER DEATH SONGS WERE COMPOSED ON HER AND TEMPLES WERE BUILT IN HER MEMORY.



A BED TIME STORY



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